even if the tenant was in the middle of a program that he wanted to watch. Several of the tenants had complained to Adam, Gladys, and myself. Tenants were afraid to start watching a movie around midnight, because they knew Babs would interrupt them.

While this might seem trivial, it was directly contrary to the ethos of the House as a home, a "non-custodial" facility. Babs offered no excuse other than the noise. Yet the tenants routinely slept with their radios blaring. Babs herself was always entering their rooms at night to turn them down. They slept through fire alarms. Half of them symbolically burned to death every fire drill. When we suggested that Babs simply ask the tenant to turn down the volume, she told us that it was "her" shift and what she did on "her" shift was "her" business - or in other words none of ours.

Julia used to go drinking. Before leaving she'd pace up and down the second floor hall. She'd leave her door open and turn up her radio. The first time I heard her singing along I thought he was escalating. I ran upstairs to offer her a sedative. If she was going out, she wouldn't take anything.

She looked slightly Gothic in her long floor-length coat over a long black gown. Like most of the tenants she had an enormous wardrobe, and only wore a portion of it. That portion was like a thin layer of topsoil over slag heaps. I knew because I'd cleaned her room several times. Before I could mop the floor I had to spend a lot of time sorting the